May 18-1922

Hogarth House,
Thursday,

My Nicolet,

I am indeed a wretch not to have answered
you before. Your £ note came safely, & has been
placed to your credit both in the books of
Hogarth & in the books of God. We are
becoming rather full blown & important. You
will receive a circular to this effect before long.
We are 5th birthday this month, & we
have published 19 books.

God knows what is happening to my
influenza germs. I cant get rid of this miserable
little temperature, & last week it flared up into
another attack, & laid my heart flat again.
So now they're going to pull out 2 teeth,
& catch the escaping microbes which harbour at
the roots, & vaccinate me with them afresh;
the doctor thinks this may be the end of it. Well,

I hope so. It keeps me hovering between bed & 2pm, when I've a million things I want to do.

We hope to get to Rodmell for Whitsun. There Leonard is making a new flower bed, pulling down an outhouse, & building an earth closet. He particularly wants to know where he can buy old paving stones to make a path. Could you tell us? A place near here, if possible; because this garden two is being renovated. There's no end to his activities. All I pray to God is that he don't get on to Parliament.

Lottie (the yellow legged) has had her operation & is recovering at home. We drag on with Chaos. She writes me long letters, from friend to friend, not at all in the style of old Sophie. Nyp I'm very sorry about Nelly's Ear. To sit all day & look at the view in complete solitude seems to me dismal. We were much amused by Lady Ffrenodden who talked politics without ceasing.

When shall we see you again?

Yrs VW.

POST CARD

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

Hogarth House Paradise Road Richmond Surrey

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I've heard nothing about Kitty, & couldn't face the memorial service - my black being incomplete. How on earth did it happen?

Hogarth. Sunday. Jan 14 23.

My Violet,

Considering you pay handsomely for the books, I don't see why you should thank us. Yes, Leonard is standing; we are in the midst of an awful rush; & I suppose the Election will kill the books. What a bore L.G. didn't sit on his chair a little longer!

I didn't send my book to Gerald, as I thought he wouldn't like it. I'shall come up & have tea one day, when we have done doing up parcels & writing bills — its rather a large undertaking, without help, but great fun.

I go on having a temperature, but my heart seems quite recovered.

Yr V.W.

Leonard sends his love, & hopes to see you. He hasn't got to go to Manchester to canvass, I'm glad to say, as there is no chance of his getting in against Herbert Fisher.

Jan 13 1923

HOGARTH HOUSE
PARADISE ROAD
RICHMOND
SURREY
Telephone : Richmond 496

My Violet,

Yes are the most faithful of subscribers. Many thanks for your cheque. Next week we start an all-time Shanagen, & we become more & more full of work to print I wish we had something of yours.

Yes, it is very tragic about Katherine – She wanted to live so much. They thought she was getting better, & had talked of living in England again next Summer. One cant help feeling rather a brute to go on living.

Shall I come to tea someday? – if yes Dint insist upon white gloves, which I can no longer dispense together. The Press is in the Dining room, in the ~~Smelling~~ larder, & soon will be in bed with us.

Jacob has gone into his second edition, & is being to be translated into French. (This is dreadful boasting) Leonard never wanted to get in – only to annoy Herbert Fisher; & we were both thankful when the result came out. Yes on having a mild temp. They vaccinate a guinea pig with my spittle. It died, but no one knows what of — Anyhow not tuberculosis which one idiot ya doctor discovered. How are yes? & your dog?

I like Mrs Nicolson: no nonsense about her.

Yes VW.

POST CARD
RICHMOND
5PM
JAN
1923
SURREY
ONE PENNY
NYPL
Miss Dickinson
21 Manchester Street
London
W1.

I'm in bed with the flue,
so can't come, alas, on
Friday, but hope to on a
day next week, if that
suits you

V W.

Ho forth
Wednesday

17 Jan 1923

HOGARTH HOUSE
PARADISE ROAD
RICHMOND
SURREY
Telephone : Richmond 496

27 July ?
1923

My Nicolson,

A thousand thanks for your cheque - I'm afraid the Hogarth Press has been running to pursuit on you rather too frequently lately - but take heart — there is only one more to come this summer - Mr Eliot.

Then we disappear to Surrey, which will be a treat after reviews & books — not but what the Nation is amusing so far.

How are you - & dogs & cats & plants & windows & great ladies, & all the rest of your marvellous caravan.

Ask me to tea in October.

Don't forget. And I will bring you some hot yam.

Leonard's love.

V Sp: